

**EXHIBIT 1**

...unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness

### Chapter 1: The confrontation

My brother called me in February and said, "Let's take a vacation man, I've been working nights and weekends and need a break". It had been a while since we had done anything together, and I needed a break of my own so I agreed. Initially, he wanted to do Denver, but we decided some place warmer with girls during spring break and Saint Patrick's day. Thus, this led us to Cancun! Neither of us had ever been even though we grew up and went to school in Texas. Together we found a nice new resort for four nights and all-inclusive! I booked the trip for 3/16-3/20 and paid over \$1200 upfront for the reservation. We then each bought plane tickets from NYC and Dallas. Excitedly, every day we would text about the trip and the time we'd spend together. Finally, it was the day before, 3/15, I was leaving the office and headed home to pack and get ready for some warmth; The NE just had its first real snowfall in the form of a big nor'easter blizzard, but I was weary of the winter and the cold. As I badged out and was leaving the office, two men in plain clothes approached me and said "Hey Mr. Schulte, how are you? We're with the FBI—We'd like a moment of your time please". I said Ok.

As we walked to a local diner they asked if I had any plans that evening and I told them no, I just had to start packing for my trip to Cancun tomorrow! I'm not very good at remembering names, but one of them sorta reminded me of Paul Ryan and the other was from Alabama so henceforth I'll refer to them as Ryan and 'bama. Ryan seemed like he was the lead and initiated the conversation with "As I'm sure you know, there's been a leak of information that we're investigating and we'd like your assistance". They both seemed very likeable and that they actually needed my help. As a proud patriot, I was eager to assist. Despite knowing that you should never speak with the police, I wrongly ignored it and justified my situation because I felt I clearly had nothing to hide and was happy to assist.

They asked me what I knew about the leaks and when I heard about them. I told them I was actually in a java functional programming lambdas class when the leaks first came out. A coworker of mine pointed it out to me knowing I previously worked for the agency. On closer inspection, I realized it appeared to be a data dump of our confluence page. I explained to the agent how we had a segregated DEVLAN domain running applications from the Atlassian tool suite: Confluence, Stash, Jira, Bamboo, and an internal automated testing platform called DART. Additionally, every user had a network home directory with data. Stash was used as our primary source code repository and version control although there were other repositories that different teams used as well as other more secured networks that hosted code. Confluence was for documentation and a place for developers to relax and fuck around a little bit. I even created a playground page for memes and jokes as a relaxation tool—Sometimes the job could be stressful. Jira was used for issue tracking and the whole agile development process that seemed to be sweeping the dev world. Bamboo was used for testing the Stash code and farming tests out to DART for more specific testing. I told them the confluence server was the one that seemed to be compromised, and while horrible and damaging at least it wasn't Stash; At least not at this point—Hopefully they could stop any additional leaks from the network at this point. From the news articles I've read, wikileaks claims to have source code, but we don't know what code or from where. However, at this point, I knew the SOP was a complete stand down on all [REDACTED] operations. We had no idea what had been leaked, when, for how long, or even who else had seen the materials leaked. Have they been steadily accessing our network every day? Have all our ops and tools been blown since we wrote the first line of code? Perhaps only confluence has been leaked, but the individual(s) responsible are/were planning to exfil the other parts of DEVLAN too? So much still unknown, and with potential (yet unconfirmed) link between wikileaks and Russia—Did the Russians have all the tools? How long? It

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seems very unlikely that an intelligence service would ever leak a nation's "cyber weapons" as the media calls them. These tools are MUCH more valuable undiscovered by the media or the nation that lost them. Now, you can secretly trace and discover every operation that nation is conducting. I told them all this was certainly very disturbing and I felt bad for my friends and colleagues at the agency who likely weren't doing anything and most likely had to completely re-write everything. The agents were writing things down and seemed very interested in what I was saying, and the mood was light. We even joked about the media fundamentally misunderstanding tech and how the big story about the TVs was ridiculous; It had been an idea that was discussed during a [REDACTED] developer workshop when the primary goal was friendship and networking. We geeked out with sweets and [REDACTED]. We also talked about the Foreign Office West and how hopefully [REDACTED] had been strained and in the rebuilding phase. Although, honestly, governments know that all's fair in intelligence. Even friendly countries will try to gather information with no disrespect to each other—In the game of spying and espionage, knowledge, all knowledge, is power. We then discussed the confluence dump in greater detail and how at least wikileaks had redacted personal information. The names that were allegedly unredacted were pseudonyms—fake names used internally in case a leak happened. Those of us who were overt never used last names anyway; This was an unwritten rule at the agency—NEVER use/write true last names for anyone. So, I was convinced that there was little personal information revealed besides a picture of an old boss of mine that was mistakenly released with the memes. Every question they asked, I answered. I tried to be descriptive, but also avoid TOO much detail since we were sitting out in the open and not in any SCIF. I wondered why we wouldn't have a conversation like this somewhere more secluded or in a secured building to talk more in depth.

What else? They asked who or why? The one, or two, questions that I unfortunately could not answer. I could not even hazard a guess—No developer would ever leak this information. A contractor who had been let go due to budget cuts as the media suggested? Maybe. Could it have been someone who was not even supposed to have access to our network? IB? I suggested it was probably a jackass who thought they could get a movie made after them. There hadn't been harsh penalties for leakers lately as Snowden seemed to be enjoying Russia and Manning just had to claim to identify as a woman to be released. So, most likely, the leaker thought they could act with minimal risk. Or potentially it had even been an "accident"? Individual(s) or contractor(s) seeking the source code to build rival tools they could sell took the data and then left it unsecured?

We then talked about HOW this could happen. I explained that our DEVLAN network was a "dirty" network since we developed malware and we obviously needed thumbdrives / disk drives since many times the malware was developed specifically for these drives. So, everyone on DEVLAN had the ability to use external media unlike the high-side ICE network where most agency cables and classified material was stored, accessed, and carefully monitored.

I explained how our Infrastructure Branch (IB) was completely incompetent, and had no idea how to secure our network or provide us with any assistance ever. Every developer in our division knew this. If you needed something that they were supposed to do or provide—you knew you had to do it yourself. Most, if not all, had even reported this poor management and security of our network to our managers. I had even told my group chief directly about this problem, but nothing was ever done. Ryan then told me directly that they were investigating negligence and he mentioned Karen [REDACTED]. I told him, yes, in fact Karen was that group chief I had mentioned. He then proceeded to ask if I thought she had acted



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criminally negligent. I backed away from this question and said I don't like labels and I don't really know the definition of "criminal negligence"—that's their job. I said, however, that I did on multiple occasions, as did many others, report through our management chain and through her directly that IB was worthless and we needed to fire all those contractors. We then joked about the point of contractors in the federal government and how it seems to be just as difficult to get rid of a worthless contractor as staff. What's the point of paying double or triple the cost of staff for a contractor if we can't even get rid of them? OH, right, government loves spending money. Literally, if your group has more contractors and spends more money then you get promoted—The value of what we got for those dollars does not matter. Waste and abuse is unending and absurd. Meh, it just all comes back to the idiotic process of how congress gives money to agencies and organizations; You're encouraged to spend all and more of your budget or else you won't get it next year... but, I digress...

At some point, I took a bathroom break and began to think about the situation. It seemed a little suspicious now that I thought about it how they found me and waited for me at work. How did they even know what I looked like, etc? However, the conversation had been cordial so far. This changed abruptly as soon as I returned. Ryan said, "I've got to be frank with you—you were a handful of people who had access and previous issues with unauthorized access and you were leaving the country. To be honest, there are a lot of people right now who know we're having this conversation. Do you understand? We could have busted into your place of work and dragged you out. Do you see what we see? Do you see how this looks?"

Blindsided, nervous, confused, afraid... I told them I did understand how it looked and I knew they were just doing their job, but for one, I had this trip planned well before these leaks came out. If I had done this, wouldn't the logical thing be to leave BEFORE the leaks were published? Or as soon as they happened? I live in NYC and I could have left at any time for any country up to now. So obviously, this trip has nothing to do with it. I told them I knew that the people I worked with had devolved and started to distrust and accuse each other, and that they had come up with a list of people who left recently and my name was on it. I understand how demoralizing this must be for them, but surely you don't think it could be me? I sighed and decided to tell them the source of why I had left the agency. I hadn't been keeping it a secret, but it was a painful experience that I didn't tell people (unfortunately most people I worked with knew about it—in fact, now that I'm writing this I realize that maybe that knowledge was used against me? Some people knew I was traveling to Cancun too... could they have timed the leak around my trip? This sounds crazy to me, something about being set-up... but now that I realize this information was widely known, could it be possible? Meh, the point of me writing this is just to dump as much of what recently happened to me as possible. To write it all down, to make me feel calm. It's soothing. I'm not a writer, I'm an engineer... as is evident by this. I don't think I've ever even written this much even in college. BUT, it's comforting to write about, to document so-to-speak. Anyway. Yes, I don't like talking about it and I thought I had left all the drama behind, and yet, ironically, it seems to have followed me.

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## **Chapter 2: my last experience at the CIA and my reason(s) for resigning**

I had always told myself that I would leave the agency after I missed my first promotion. The agency is ridiculous in that most people start GS-8/9 and get promoted every year to GS-12. Then 2-3 years for 13, 3-7 for 14, X years to 15, where it officially ends. Promotions are generally rewarded regardless of skill, with a stand-in-line mentality (I think everyone's heard of the CIA officer who brought down bin laden not getting promoted). I started as a high GSE-9 (engineering scale) due to GPA and # of COOP tours with a salary of ~80k/yr in January 2012 (Great time to start my career since the world was supposed to end in December!). I was promoted each year to GSE-12 in 9/2014 and first missed it in 9/2015, but I put off looking for a new job because I loved the mission. Nowhere else in the world do you get to develop malware to thwart **adversaries** and defend this great country. But what was the opportunity cost? I decided to wait another year or two before leaving civil service to earn double in the private industry.

Around this same time last year, a coworker of mine named Amol [REDACTED] threatened me in such a way that I was afraid for my life. I reported this to security, but my management did nothing to help me—largely because my direct manager at the time reported up the chain that the events had not happened (despite being away golfing on the day it happened). Displeased with my management's response and feeling fearful at work, I went to the court system to obtain a protective order. I received the preliminary protective order and then the full protective order after a judge heard the case and awarded me the order (The order was eventually thrown out at a much later date during an appeal as I apparently filed it in the wrong county). This infuriated my management and CIA security. However, at last they moved both of us.

I believe, although I cannot fully prove it (I submit a privacy act request from the agency for the information but they told me it would take 5 years to process), that the illegal retaliatory actions from my group chief, Karen [REDACTED], were due to this security incident and I believe she thought they would also discover my previous reports of inadequate security that she blew off that could then jeopardize her career or position.

At some later date, I attempted to access the OSB internal libraries, which I had designed and been overseeing since the summer as a requirement for my BK project. I found that I could no longer access the project, which was strange but not altogether uncommon since we sometimes had permission issues. So, I changed my permissions back. I then went and spoke with **Weber** about what happened and he told me he personally made the decision to revoke my access and bar me from my own project since I was now technically in a different branch. I told him he had to authority to do so and simply continued with my day.

The next day I was handed a "Self-Granting Admin Privileges" memorandum of warning which stated I had granted myself admin privileges when I was told not to. I stated how this was clearly a mistake because I had not been told. In fact, ever since the incident, my management outright refused to give me anything in writing (Yes, after asking for direction in writing from management they specifically told me that they did not want anything in writing). My management then claimed **Weber** had spoken privately with Karen and they had agreed to remove me from the project and decided not to tell me. I was told that henceforth, I no longer had access to anything except BK, and, should I require any other access to email IB.

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Upset at how I had been unfairly treated, I tried to make the best of it and only work on my remaining project. One day about 3 weeks later I was denied access to this project. So, I did as I was told and requested permission through IB. I looked through the audit log and noticed that **Weber** had been the individual to revoke my permissions. So, I emailed HR and my management detailing the steps I had taken and how I believed **Weber** had wrongly revoked my permissions. A week later I was slapped with a "Self-Granting Admin Privileges" Letter of Warning from Karen herself. In our meeting, she told me they received an HR report and saw I had access to BK. Although I explained that it was me who sent the HR report and that I had followed direction in requesting access, she refused to nullify the letter of warning. She told me it had been decided that I would not work on that project. I told her I had not been notified of this change, and she tells me that she is the group chief and thus she does not have to answer to me or tell me anything. I politely ask how I'm supposed to know then since no communication is passed onto me and she had explicitly stated that nothing would be in writing...

It was in this moment I finally realized what was going on. Karen, pissed about my security reports that made her look incompetent, was retaliating against me and clearly wanted me gone. She was specifically setting me up with the help of her faithful pawn **Weber** who was simply in it for himself and always eager to curry favor with the group chief to further his career aspirations. Caught in the middle of political aspiration hell, I took the hint: It was time to leave.

Clearly, I now had no choice but to leave. I had always told myself I would leave after I missed that first promotion anyway so it wasn't so bad. I made the decision that I would not touch any project or anything at all and use the remainder of my leave to find a new job ASAP and GTFO.

After I submit my resignation letter, I sat down with DD/DDI to talk about the reasons. I briefly explained the situation and he didn't seem too surprised. He told me the number one reason staff leave the agency is because of bad management. I asked if they planned to do anything about it, and he simply shrugged and said you can't fire people so they just get shuffled around. He wished me luck and we parted ways.

On my final day, I sent an email to OIG detailing the illegal retaliation against me for security reports that ended my career. I felt a duty to tell people so perhaps others would not have to go through the same BS as me. At last, I was relieved to finally be leaving all the drama behind and starting a new chapter in my life: The big apple with twice the pay, beautiful women, and new friends...